HENDRICK'S PLACE

He Held It Only Long Enough to Make Sure of a Better.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspa-per Syndicate.) Evelyn Post acknowledged the respectful greeting of the tall, straight oung man in the doorway. Hentek did not look the part of chauffour—not exactly; he was altogether too handsome, too self-possessed, with an air of authority that did not rest well on a servant. But his skill in well on a servant. But all additions compensated for these other faults. He had remained in the employ of Evelyn's mother for three months and all during that time he had kept his "place."

But Evelyn did not like him—she

was positive of that; because he looked disconcertingly like men of her own class. It was puzzling and not at all desirable in a menial. There even were times when she found herself addressing him on terms of equaltty. Of course, she always followed such a lapse by unusual haughtiness. Altogether the advice of Hendrick was rather disquieting to his young

Now he stood, quietly attentive, waiting for his morning orders.

"Get the morning mail, Hendrick," said Mrs. Post; "return and drive Miss Post over to Mill Hill." "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Post, but

the river is rising and the Mill Hill bridge is unsafe," said Hendrick. "Then go around the other way-

the long road," returned Mrs. Post. Hendrick bowed and disappeared. At eleven o'clock Hendrick returned with the car and announced that the long bridge was down in the flood and that the upper bridge could not long hold up against the waters pouring from the awollen creeks which were

tributary to the river. Evelyn paused with one foot on the step of the car.

"I'm sure it cannot be so bad," she said carelessly. "You will drive over, Hendrick; Mrs. Beatty's please."

Hendrick hesitated, almost as if he were going to demur; then he ahrugged his shapely shoulders, climbed to his seat and started the

Evelyn found herself studying her chauffeur's stern, clear-cut profile. How becoming was the neat tan livery -Hendrick was so dark-she bit her lip and stamped her foot on the rugs. She would tell her mother to dis-

charge Hendrick in the morning. He was presumptuous! "Presumptuous? In what way?"

asked her conscience. Evelyn Post knew that the chauffeur's presumption lay in the fact that he stimulated her interest-nothing beyond that!

At the foot of the slope that led to the bridge, Hendrick stopped the car and turned to Evelyn.

"Do you still wish to cross the river, Miss Post?" he asked. Evelyn glanced indifferently at the

drive on Hendrick."

The bridge isn't safe, Miss Post," objected Hendrick, with a note of sternness in his voice.

"So you said before," returned Evelyn coldly. "Please drive on. I promised Mrs. Beatty I would be there at twelve o'clock, and it is now half past the hour."

The car glided down the hill until the front tires touched the timbers of the bridge. Evelyn gianced at the river boiling between its narrow banks. She could see that it was rising rapidly, and the wooden planks of the bridge were wet where the waters had splashed up between them. The frail structure trembled at the first Impact of the heavy car.

Hendrick got down and came to the tonneau, one gauntleted hand resting on the door.

"It is unsafe to take the car across the bridge, Miss Post," said the chauffeur patiently; "it is more than unsafe -it is foolbardy. If you will walk across. I will try and take the car over and then pick you up on the other side." He opened the door.

"If you are afraid, Hendrick, I will drive the car myself," said Evelyn, with wonderful self-control. Hendrick would be discharged the instant they reached home—she would see about

"If you are afraid, Hendrick-Evelyn was repeating when the chauffeur leaned forward, deftly snatched her from the seat and ran across the dge, holding her in his strong arms If she had been a baby. She could feet his heart pounding beneath her hand. She hated him!

The bridge swayed a little under their united weight. They reached the other side and Hendrick dropped burden and ran back to the car. He leaped to his seat and started the

machine across the bridge. Evelyn, hating him with all her heart, saw the bridge quiver under the weight of the big car. She longed to cry out and send him back, but pride stilled the words on her lips. The structure sagged when the car reached the middle. There was a rending crash of timbers, and then a horrible thud from the river beneath She saw the water boiling up through the jagged remains of the old bridge. The car and its driver had disap-

Half mad with terror and remorse, the girl ran to the edge of the bank and looked for Hendrick. The car was visible, half balanced on the big stones beneath the bridge. But the broken timbers of the bridge were heaped over it so that she could see made a great pitcher."

no sign of the plucky chauffeur who had dared death to carry out her foolish orders.

She tossed aside her veil and hat and, crawling out on the jutting end of a girder, she looked down at the fallen motor car.
"Hendrick!" she called, and her

voice broke into sobs.

She fancied that some of the planks around the car moved; then a gloved hand was visible, then a shoulder, and at last Hendrick's pale face looking up at her from the reaped debris.

"Go back!" he ordered hoursely. For answer Evelyn leaned over the abyes of boiling foam and stretched ut a hand. "Let me help you-what an I do?" she called.

Go back!" he repeated. "I am all "You can do nothing alone," she

protested. "Keep perfectly quiet and will go for help-please, please keep still and let me do something or, 7537"
"Very well," he agreed shortly

Only make haste and get off that broken girder—go back cautiously, fix your eyes on shore and don't lose your nerve." With encouraging words he cheered her way back along the dangerous stringpiece a way which she had

bravely trod a short while before in the great fear that he was forever Gaining the river bank, she tossed her long cloak aside, sped up the road to the top of Mill Hill, and stumbled through the gate just as

Mrs. Beatty came down the drive in

her smart runabout. There were hurried exclamations and questions, which Evelyn answered with what calmness she could muster. Then Alice Beatty issued a few orders and in ten minutes several men were racing down the long hill to the broken bridge. Mrs. Beatty and Evelyn followed in the runabout.

When they reached the bridge it was to find the flood tearing at the splintered boards which had imprisoned Hendrick in the fallen motor car. The Beatty servants were quick-witted and trained to meet emergencies. Two of them tossed down a noosed rope to the chauffeur, who slipped it under his arms. Then, by main force they pulled.

When Hendrick reached the river bank he promptly lost consciousness Bigley, the gardener, made a hasty exmination and spoke to his mistress.

"He's hurt his head, I think, ma'am. We better be taking him up to the house in the car."

Evelyn turned her head that she might not see Hendrick's still, white face, stern even in its unconsciousness. Mrs. Beatty leaned forward eagerly, pressed back the heavy locks of brown hair and screamed:

"Why it's Teddy! Evelyn, I thought you said it was your new chauffeur!" "Why it is-Hendrick-he has only been with us a few months. If it isn't

Hendrick—who is it, Alice?"
"My cousin, Teddy Hendrickson," sobbed Mrs. Beatty, holding Hendrick's strong hand in both of hers. 'He speculated and lost every penny he had. Father offered to help him get back on his feet again, but he refused-said he'd find some way out all by himself-he's the pluckiest boy alive! Then Teddy disappeared and and low ever since."

It was several hours afterward, when the late chauffeur was lying with bandaged head in the best bedroom of the Beatty home, that Evelyn was admitted to see him. Mrs. Beatty had personally borne her cousin's request to see Miss Post.

The room was bathed in the late afternoon sunlight. Teddy Hendrickson was lying with his dark eyes fixed on the door. A glad look came into his face when Evelyn entered.

For a long while they looked a each other. Then the girl's glance wavered and fell beneath his ardent

"I'm sorry-I cannot tell you how sorry I am to have been the cause of your injuries. It was all my silly willfulness, and I hope you will forgive

"Forgive-you?" he breathed quick-"You must have known it was : privilege to serve you."

"And I am sorry-sorry that I saidthat I said you did not know your place-I didn't understand that it was your better judgment and your courage in rising above your situation that prompted your defiance of my orders."

She held out her hand timidly and Hendrickson covered it in a warm clasp. His dark eyes looked into her blue ones with a strange significance "I know the place I want to fill, Miss Post," he said quietly, "and some day I will gain it."

Italy and Civilization.

The history of Italy is, with the ex ception of Grece, the most illustrious in the world. In art, especially painting and sculpture, Italy stands preeminent. In literature her place is, to say the least, in the front rank. In science, she has borne a conspicuous position, and in music her place is easily second, if not first. In fine, Italia's story is more brilliant than that of any other country except Greece, and to Greece she is a very close second.

A Triumph Lacking. The teacher had told the story of

David and Goliath. "There wasn't any baseball in those days," said the thoughtful boy.

"It's a pity-David ought to have

MEETS WIFE THOUGHT DEAD AFTER 16 YEARS.

Andrew Ritter Was Putting Flowers on Her "Grave" In a Cemetery.

New York, July 9.-While Mrs. Louisa Singer, of East Eighty-fifth street, was placing flowers on the grave of a friend in the Lutheran cemetery, Brooklyn, she saw a man near her also placing flowers on a grave. Toher great amezement she recognized him as Andrew G. Ritter, who had married her sister in 1895, and who she thought was dead.

Mrs. Singer, without speaking to Ritter, who had not recognized her, followed him to 439 Central Avenue, Brooklyn. Then she told her sister, who had had not seen Ritter since 1899. The sister promptly got a warrant for the arrest of the long-vanished husband. Ritter, who had married a second Stime, confronted his former wife in the domestic relation court, and received the shock of his life, as he thought his first wife had died years ago.

Never has Magistrate Cornell witnessed a more dramatic scene than the one that was enacted in his court when Mrs. Ritter No. 1, sccompanied by her two grown daughters, who had never seen their father since babyhood, gazed into the face of the man she married in 1895,

There were explanations all around. Ritter seemed unable to realize that his first wife actually stood before him. He had not seen or heard from her since they separated in 1899. In 1905 he married Miss Elizabeth Shields, and they have lived very happily together since that time and have two daughters.

Mrs. Ritter No. 2 was just as surprised as her husband to learn that he had a living wife, but she is perfectly loyal to her husband, and says that she will never give him up.

Ritter was introduced by wife No. 1 to his two grown daughters. They are Mrs. Elizabeth O'Keefe, nineteen years old, of 1422 Avenue A. and hirs. Anna Holoubek, eighteen years old, of 408 Esst Seventy-first street. They declared this was the first time they ever remembered to have met their father.

Magistrate Cornell questioned al the parties closely and was convinced that Ritter was sincere in believing his first wife to be dead before marrying a second time. There had been some talk of prosecuting Ritter on a bigamy charge, but Assistant Corporation Counsel Carr said that as sixteen years had elapsed since Ritter last saw his wife, and as he had heard nothing from her in all father has been looking for him high that time, he was justified in assuming that she was dead.

Evelyn was crying bitterly as they After pondering over the queer nell finally ordered Ritter to pay the a carcass, sum of \$4 a week to wife No. 1 for a period of one year.

> The complete surrender of German forces in the German southwest Africa to Gen. Botha, commander of the forces of the Union of South Africa; the French advance in the Vosges of 700 yards, on a front of 600 yards, and the capture there of upwards of 300 unwounded Germans. and the stand being made by the Russians in Southern Poland against the Austro-German forces give British military critics subject for comment on what they term "the turn of the tide" in the war. It is expected that a territory of some 300,000 square miles will be annexed to the dominion of South Africa. General Botha already has begun to send the citizen army home and a force now will be sent to assist the mother country in Europe.

DR. BEAZLEY Specialist

(Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.)

No Court This Week.

Judge Hanbery has not held any court since the death of his father. It was intended to have a special session last week to decide the city license case. There is no regular session this week but Judge Hanbery's further plans about the unfinished business here are not known. is in the free area.

Best Report.

Seventy-two bushels grown on 3 acres of ground, which is 24 bushels per acre, constitutes Dr. John G. Chiles, of Trenton, the banner wheat from Whitley county about a year grower of Trenton so far this season.-Progress.

GIRLS' CANNING CLUB OF CHRISTIAN COUNTY PRIZES AT THE PENNYROYAL FAIR

Hopkinsville, Kentucky, September 29th to October 2nd, 1915

TO THE GIRL MAKING THE BEST RECORD IN THE COUNTY: Business Showing Quality History of Crop..... SECOND BEST RECORD IN THE COUNTY: Pennyroyal Fair Association \$8.00 BEST DISPLAY CANNED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES: SECOND BEST DISPLAY CANNED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES:

County Board Education...... 5.00BEST DOZEN FRESH TOMATOES, Pennyroyal Fair Ass'n. 3.00 SECOND " " " 2.00BEST 2 JARS WHOLE SECOND " " " " BEST CAN CHERRIESCounty Board Education 1.00 JAR PEACHES " BEANS 1.00 BEETS..... " " " 1.00 OKRA CORN Pennyroyal Fair Association...... 1.00 PEAS " 44 1.00 APPLES " 1.00 PEARS 1.00 GOOSE-BERRIES..... " 1.00 ASPARAGUS...... "
SWEET POTATOES..." 1.00 1.00 RHUBARB 1.00 APRICOTS 1.00 CAP AND APRON-Girl over fourteen (14) years--

On Second Thought.

When you can't get it, don't want

Man's tongue was made for use but not abuse.

It is better to be famous than rich, but we'd rather be both.

but a few have nothing but gizzards. Don't lose faith in your husband. Explanations are too tedious. Do not overeat. It is distressing

to the stomach and the pocketbook. The man who bespatters other men with mud is worse than the mud he slings. When a man is a man he is useful

tangle for a while Magistrate Cor- to other men. Otherwise he is just Many men prate of their sym-

> pathy for the under dog, forgetting that what he needs is help. When the other fellow is wrong you howl, and when you are wrong

> you shut up like a clam. Stop a minute. Go to the glass. Smile? And you are a better and

> happier man than you were before. Man's wisdom points out his own imperfections, while his ignorance

> magnifies virtues that do not exist. This war will be a godsend to American heiresses. The crop of impovished noblemen will be quite sufficient to go round.

> England wants a five billion loan and she's sure to get it. We want that dollar you owe us and we hope to get it.

Some men are dominant forces in any crowd. But then some men make opportunities while others wait for opportunity to make them.

The deadily submarine habit is spreading. A Galesburg, Ill., man tried to smoke a cigarette while under water and was promptly drowned. The cigarette was a total

Only One County.

The United States Department of Agriculture has so modified the quarantine established by reason of the foot and mouth disease that all Kentucky except Jefferson county

Epilepsy Causes Death.

Phillips Givens died Sunday at the Western State Hospital of epilepsy, aged 24 years. He was received here ago. The remains were shipped to Louisville yesterday.

Will Starling.

SECOND BEST HISTORY OF CROP (Booklet),

Girl under fourteen (14) years--

HISTORY OF CROP (Booklet), Pennyroyal Fair Association 2.50

Pennyroyal Fair Association 1.00

William Starling, a stalwart son of At a meeting of the Board of Dithe Bluegrass State, six feet up and rectors of the Travelers' Protective down and hefty to match, is the Se- Association of America, Kencret Service man who most frequent- tucky Division, at Louisville Saturly stalks President Wilson on spec- day night, it was decided to offer tacular occasions. The good-looking special prizes to members who will Most big men have big hearts, young chap is detailed to keep his secure the largest number of new eagle eye surreptitiously upon the members before April 30, 1916. The head of the nation when Mr. Wilson meeting was presided over by Presiis making a speech anywhere, and to dent Paul Winn, of Hopkinsville. scrutinize the people who approach Mayor F. K. Yost also attended, him. Mr. Starling was "born and raised" in Hopkinsville, Ky.-Courier Journal.

> Employees Count The success of a manufacturing concern depends to a great extent on the

> employed .- Dr. Carl Langer. Children Cry

good will and co-operation of the men

FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Special Prizes.

Itinerant Doctor Fined.

Dr. H. Hastings, a stranger who was selling medicine in the city without state license, was tried before County Judge Knight this morning, and on a plea of guilty Hastings was fined \$50 and failing to pay same was sent to jail.

The canal zone is planning to build field works in certain exposed places.



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